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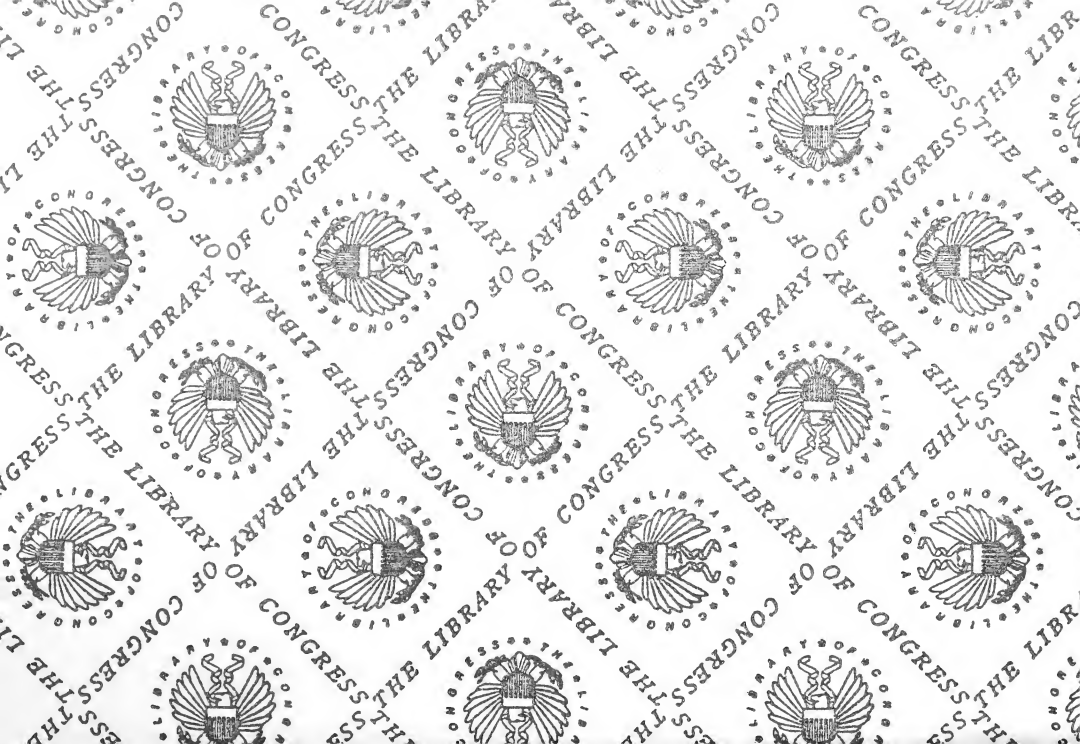
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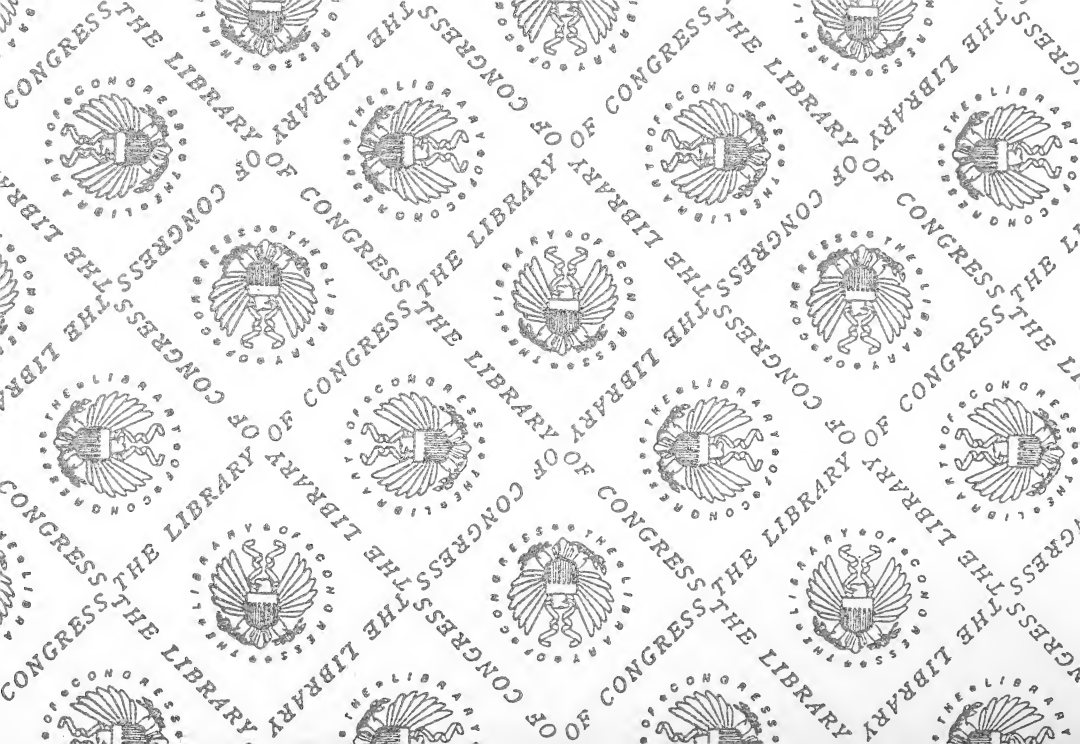
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POEMS

BY

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THE FALL OF CASTLE HAPSBURG

PREFACE

From Schinznach, in the canton Argovy, Switzerland, many picturesque roades lead to the Wuelpelsberg, where stand the ruins of Castle Hapsburg, the cradle of the dynasty of the same name. This castle was one of the largest and strongest of the eleventh century. It occupied an area of three hundred feet in length and one hundred in breadth. The interior was divided into three separate apartments. In 1020, with money loaned him by his brother, Bishop Werner of Strassburg, Duke Radbot reared this huge but severe pile on the Wuelpelsberg. His primary object in this was to withstand the hostility of his rival lords and reduce them to subjection. His posterity carrying on the aggressive measures he had pursued, soon became the most powerful lords of North Switzerland. At last, Count Rudolph of Hapsburg was elected Emperor of the Western Empire. The castle, however, was destroyed in the year 1415, under the reign of Sigismund, by the clans of Uri, Bern and Argovy. At present there remain but two towers and the main apartments whose colossal walls attest the extraordinary solidity of the masonry that has weathered so many centuries.

THE FALL OF CASTLE HAPSBURG

I.

Exultant horns and trumpets blow
In Constance on the lake that lies!
In the calm air sweet rhythms flow,
On hearkening waves the echo dies!
Fair surpliced youths chant festive note,
On tasseled charger rides the knight,
The golden banners, ensigns float,
Whose fringes dance in quivering light.
Like dewey meadows in the sun,
The cloistered garments dazzling play;
Scepter and crown, in rubies done,
Send to and fro a restless ray.
Hear joyous shouts of pageant day!
Jubilant clang of trumpets loud!
The prancing step of steeds in play!
Cheers, greeting of a shouting crowd!
The tried knights ranged about the throne,
Like rainbow fallen, graced the ruling reign;
Their eyes like twinkling dawnstar shone

With light of strength the world to gain.
From throne, where sat the monarch crowned,
A canopy embroidered hung;
Its many folds fell to the ground,
Where richly blazoned eagles swung.
The carven throne two dragons wound,
Writhing to make arms for his chair;
Winding, complex designs they found,
Looped to the woodwork, were lost in there.
Knights, princes kissed the jeweled ring;
Rising they homaged, drew the sword:
Touching the sabre of their king,
They swore the oath in loud accord.
The monarch spoke: "My loyal knights,
Ye nobles, princes of our realm,
Our thanks! The oath our heart delights,
Its vowing strength your soul o'erwhelm.
It joys our heart that unity
Doth weld the sword to shield the state;
In concord dwells hale victory
O'er malice of a feudal hate.
In love the empire firmer grows,
A phalanx drawn to break the ranks

Of foul revolt and hidden foes.
Sirs, to your faith our loving thanks!
It is our pleasure now to greet
And dub Sir Erwin Arneck knight;
Our favoring pleasure finds it meet
To grant him Hapsburg on the height.
Go, sir, the royal burg defend,
Prove thee true knight, as thou hast youth;
From path of right nor swerve nor bend,
In favor grow in deedful truth."
Erwin, at mention of his name,
Did kneel and sought the favoring eye;
He girt the sword of knightly fame,
"In honor, Erwin, fight and die!"

On rugged paths, that sloped and wound,
Sir Erwin, knight, rode joyful way.
Soft morning broke from underground,
Touching the Alps with ruddy ray.
On him they looked, would tell their tale
Of war and peace, of woe and weal;
No mite of ages did them fail
That watched the nations rise and reel.

These horned wonders of our earth,
Work of a mighty shaping hand,
The power of creation worth,
August, inspiring there they stand!
The snow-clad mountains sempiterne
Are spires of God's own Gothic dome,
That upward rising seem to yearn
Beyond the vault, our promised home.
The thousand years of shape and hoard
Of snow and ice, of sun and storm,
Formed and moulded the mighty Lord
The lofty peaks of spiral form.
Music of laws, fixed and divine,
Brought forth the moles of might and awe,—
The music of the Builder trine,
Who shapes and governs worlds by law.
'Mid shifting maze of wonders deep,
O'er hill and plain Sir Erwin rode;
The snow-capped Alps, each vale and steep
Wrought pictures of his nigh abode:
The royal castle on the height,
Looking adown the wooded vale;
Its banners, floating in the light,

Untarnished by defeat of mail:–
The Wuelpel height beneath which lay
The charming Schinznach on the Aar,
Whose glassy stream doth mirror day,
Sending the dazzling sheen afar:—
The court house by its thrift refined,
Guarding the welfare of the land,
In whose high niche stood Justice blind,
The even balance in her hand:—
The gifted mayor of resource,
Who ruled the village and its folk,
Knowing when riot took its course
How to impose the taming yoke.
His thoughts recalled when flowers bloomed
And roads were white with cherry and plum,
A joyful youth his steed he groomed
The land of mazy Alps to roam.
A maid him cheerful welcome bade,
Setting before him bread and wine;
The meads they walked, then lass and lad,
Projecting fame beyond the Rhine.
'Twas childlike talk in mead and field,
In happy days of innocent cheer.

Will Flora choose the spur and shield,
Buckle the mail, hand him the spear?

Hark! Piercing whistle, sharp and shrill,
The sleeping calm of mountains rends!
Glittering mail from yonder hill
On him its blinding flashes sends!
His charger snorts, impatient ramps,
Impatient for the bloody fray;
Restrained by firm a hand, he stamps,
Paws wroth, denied more warlike play.
On the nigh hill did lurk the clan;
Its chieftain hailed Sir Erwin: "Foe,
The road is barred, turn round thy van,
Reverse thy steed, ere struck the blow!"
Thereto the knight: "By whose command?
The soldier fights the way to gain;
These fear nor rank nor lurking band
That festering haunt and bar the plain."
The chieftain's smile was sneer: "Thy will:
Who heeds not, courts one whom to dread."
Quick to the hills he whistled shrill;
The swift call like an arrow sped;

Shrill calls along the summits ran.
From hiding rose each shield and lance
Of weaponed warriors of the clan,
Marshaling on him threatening glance.
"This is the clan! Why shies thy steed?
Rotah, their chief, bids thee: Depart!
Who swords with us sips stronger mead
Than kitchen-brew t'arouse his heart."
"Thy counsel keep, thou roadside bur!"
Sir Erwin's gauntlet struck the lie:
The chieftain reined and gave the spur,
Had at him, crying: "Or fight or die!"
The knight his charger spurred to a leap,
Closing with him; without a sleight,
A single stroke cleaved shoulder deep
Th' attacking foe, who urged the fight.
Tigerlike the roused clansmen bound:
They struck their shields and shrieked their yell,
Swords, halberds clashed; in buzzing sound
The twirling darts and arrows fell.
Like a huge wave that wrecks the boat,
The armored knights with sabres slashed,
And in a trice the clansmen smote

Far to the height whence they had dashed.

On yonder steep that soft declines
To sunny Aar, where rest the skies
Amid the crests of giant pines,
The castle walls of Hapsburg rise.
Adown the steep the castle looks
To dip its turrets in the wave;
The Aar that ill the valley brooks
Would rise and kiss the castle grave.
On rugged cliff the castle stands,
A giant huge of strength and power;
A rigid glance on farthest lands
It casts from out the stone-built tower.
A castled strength of wall and moat,
Whose ramparts all in prowess viel
From turrets haughty banners float,
Whose blazoned hawks the clans defie!

Day waned on Hapsburg, and the West
Swam in a sea of glowing fire,
That, crowning, touched with sapphire crest,
The ramparts and the donjon spire.

The banners, to the breezes flung,
Fluttering faded in the night;
A rhyme the merry soldier sung,
Who gleeful walked the dimming height.
The distant tramp aroused the guard,
That in the valley shaped a cloud;
Before the spanning draw-bridge barred
A horseman reined his courser proud.
The guard quick hastened from the wall,—
He heard the blast, the blast he knew;
He warned the soldiers in the hall
And from the gate the bolt they drew.
"Prepare the feast! The wine flow free!"
The captain cried. "The trumpets blow!
The minstrel sweep the harp of glee,
Our knight, Sir Erwin, waits below!"
Thrown back the door, the draw-bridge fell
The torches glared, the trumpets blew.
"Welcome!" the captain wished him well,—
The shout to acclamation grew.
Through shouting crowd Sir Erwin rode,
In plate and mail, with helm and sword;
Elate and feat his charger trode

He felt the honor of his lord.
From fluttering hawk on his gold crest
Rich tassel fell; in argent field,
A lion of heavy paw and breast
Blazed from embossed and burnished shield.
He stept into the festive hall,
Where candles from the sconces beamed;
Bright webs hung from the oaken wall,
Where trophied shields and lances gleamed.
From the wall Rudolph shone enchased:
Devout he knelt as, passing by,
Th' anointed storm and tempest faced
To shrive the dying, close his eye.
There Tristam and Isolde glanced
In golden settings,—of living form;
Here ritters, crowned with roses, chanced
The lilied tower of dames to storm.
In the north hall the glances sought
The mitered Werner with the book of hours;
His palm to saintly bearing taught
The subjects and the ruling powers.
The yeomen of wide mead and field
From far and near were gathered there;

The mayor of an honored shield,
With him his daughter, Flora fair.
As Erwin caught the maiden's eye,
His heart was filled with inner joy;
All promptings did him not deny
To love her whom he loved as boy.
The mayor led him to the dais,
About the table ranged the knights;
As runlet that in sunshine gay is,
The brooches glittered in the lights.
Next to him, at his right and left,
The mayor and the maid reclined;
The elder burghers, meek and deft,
The board along in order lined.
Cup, bowl and horn, in stone and gold,
Did restless gleam in sparkling ray;
Good trophies of adventures bold,
When roaming bands defied all sway.

The meal was spent. With harp in hand
Stept in the hall the minstrel grey;
Loud plucking silence to command,
Preluding clear, announced his lay:

"Not of the blood-drenched field my strain,
Nor feudal wars our fathers fought,
Nor shivered lance sweet love to gain,
Nor the round where knights their errant sought."
The minstrel raised inspired eye,
Sweeping the rolling chords along,
As though the melody to ply:
The gushing string began his song.
"In horned land a castle looks
From ghastly height adown the deep;
In sunny stream where the foreland crooks
'Twould dip its towers from the wooded steep.
A wold o'ershades the rugged back
Whose gnarled trees see offspring young;
The firs, like druids clad in black,
Break through the thatching woof among.
To bend the stubborn neck of Gaul
Beneath a burdening, hated yoke,
The Romans built a pregnant wall,
Destroyed the groves of sacred oak.
The crag, where stood the royal hold,
Was home of hungry wolf and bear;
In the thick timbered, sloping wold

They shelter sought and made their lair.
In ruins fell the castled height,
Scathed pillars tell of valor lost;
The old burg bowed to conquering might,
When Vindonissa shield embossed.
As years rolled by and on the height
The walls and pillars fell to dust,
Sir Radbot in the summer bright
For hunt and falconry did lust.
From horse and hound the falcon strayed,
'Mid cliff and wood was lost to sight;
The falcon summons disobeyed,
Unheeding, wandered in its flight.
'Twas night. Sir Radbot, sad in heart
To lose the falcon, resumed his quest
With morning's light. He saw her dart
And on the mouldering pillar rest.
The snow-garbed mountains girt the vault;
Up from the Aar enchantment streamed;
"No danger," thought he, "of assault";
His eye with light of conquest beamed.
From highest peak Sir Radbot threw
The wand of tenure o'er the land;

On ruins rose a castle new
The maze of iceberg to command.
The golden banners flaunt the skies,
Basking the hawk in flight;
In scorn and hate feuds did arise,—
They quailed before its walls of might.
Descent was strong with warrior's meed,
It thrived within the gorgeous hills;
The sword and lance its rank decreed
To rule the tribes and sway their wills.
In fame and might the burg had grown,
When born its rule of dynasty;
Dame Austria knelt, gave him the throne,
In song and rhyme gave forth her glee.
Be glory to the rugged walls
That flaunt the hawks midst Alpine maze;
Be glory to the royal halls
That rule the world and rule our days."
The dying chords scarce breathed along
As on the harp the minstrel leaned;
The minstrel of enthralling song
With joyful eye approval gleaned.
A winsome page did bend his knee,

Before him placed the sparkling bowl;
Sir Erwin praised his rhythmic glee,
That wandlike swayed their heart and soul,
In silver cups and horns went round
The draughts of sleep 'mid rending song;
In Hapsburg there was cheerful sound
That carven oak did echo long.
Now glee is hushed and mute the halls;
The castle lies in calmest sleep;
The picket's paces on the walls
'Neath starry welkin vigil keep.

II.

At Schinznach on the purling Aar,
That through the meadow pours its wave,
Sped rumors of impending war,
Arousing many a warrior brave.
The Hapsburg, that the Wuelpel crowned,
Protected all its rural charm;
When in sad plight, its bugle sound
Called forth the castle's mighty arm.
Apart the village noise and throng,
The courthouse of the village rose,
Where Schinznach spoke its right and wrong,
Pronounced its laws, proscribed its foes.
Huge pines the courthouse did surround,
Like sentinels on the battle plains;
Snug ivy wove a wreath around
The windows, fluttering on the panes.
High in a niche above the door
Justice,—the balance in her hand—
The spoils of fathers in the war,
Divulged its name throughout the land.
Within were benches in a row,
A desk, and on it scroll and quill;

The elders, guarding weal and woe,
From benches spoke their honest will,
A timepiece from an eastern clime,
That on the wall e'er ticking hung,
Warned meetings of the wasted time
When to and fro debatings swung.
Between the horns of elk and deer
The plate of fathers hung: the shield,
The sword and horn, the lance and spear—
Bright trophies from the chase and field.
Here Heller dwelt of warring fame,
The village mayor by his birth:
For justice Schinznach loved his name,
Extolled the man, appraised his worth.
His sires for Rudolph warred the clans;
When he was king, the fight they fought
Against the North's usurping bans
That to the field its valor brought.
Rudolph decreed their ruling hand,
The first-born wore the signet ring;
In war and peace they ruled the land
Loyal to their granting king.

Beneath his brow of prudent thought
His eye gave forth a mellow light;
The silver hair his service brought
Of war and chase, of dare and plight.
His shield and lance adorned the land,
Allured all warlike blood and breed,
Whose merry eye and nervous hand
Approved of the related deed.
"This scar, deep branded on my front,
Was won in duel with a churl,
Who plundered in and out war's brunt,—
He looted in a steady whirl.
His arm did wield a powerful blade,
Subtile his foot, steady his eye:
Dishonor was his devilish trade
That turned all words of law awry.
As oft I warned him he denied,
And in the sleeve he roguish laughed
The rogue was trapped and as he lied
He grew insulting, glib and loft.
He threw his glove, and blunt me dared
And in his anger drew his blade;
As quickly was my sabre bared

Was on his mouth in buffet laid.
Enraged like furious, maddened beast,
He swung his blade and clipt my brow;
I lost control, all prudence ceased—
I smote his throat, —his blood did flow."

Fair Flora was the father's pride,
His heir to wood, to mead and field;—
Rich heir in all the ranges wide
To an ancestral spotless shield.
Well knew she all the household arts;
She needled lace and webs she drew;
To polish sheath, to prime the darts,
Or read the shield as well she knew.
Her mother taught her till she died;
Then to a convent, where the child
Might learn the arts she had scarce tried,
He—off for war—the maid beguiled.
In peace he taught her how to read
The shield, to use the lance and spear,
To staunch the wound, and how to bleed;
To honor guest, and God revere.

'Twas evening; softly darkness fell
On wood and mead, on field and hill,
As from the courthouse swung the bell,
Sending abroad its summons shrill.
The hurrying elders knew its call
That Schinznach calls in hasty need;
Grave one by one into the hall
They stept the mayor's words to heed.
Foremost in wisdom, word and skill,
Was thought the master of the school;
Three ages taught his routine drill
To read and cipher by the rule.
Next to him sat the carpenter,
Who built the houses to their plan;
He was the trusted treasurer,
An honest and an upright man.
Of shoulder broad and knotted arm,
The smith sat next, his forearm bare;
His forge the farmer e'er found warm
To join a hoop or mend the share.
The tailor of a tidy shop,
Of nervous hand and gentle voice,
Made garments for the farmer's crop;

In style and wear he gave him choice.
The notary, who bore the seal,
Signed deeds, transfers with flowing hand;
Oft in the hall for Schinznach's weal
O'er legal flaws he took his stand.
The secretary, of middle age,
Had subtile eye, wore bushy beard;
None would a question with him wage,
For when he spoke, his words were feared.
Two others found an entrance there:
The one for all had words of cheer,
Knew gossip, to gossip gave his share:
In neighbor's ills shed fellow tear.
The other Schinznach's favor won
With tale and joke, for many had he;
On Sunday, or when work was done,
He joyed them with his blithesome glee.

Expectant silence on them lay
As Heller to the elders spoke:
"Promptly my summons you obey,
Timely this council I convoke.
Not long this session I will hold

To you the message to convey;
Brief message is best briefly told,
From Hapsburg sent this very day.
The castle lands are now bestowed
On Erwin, knight, whose father made
Schinznach his permanent abode
And fought for ours with heavy blade.
His gallantry you know full well:
Liege, loyal served him as your lord:
His death none knows with truth to tell,—
In fight, or by a treacherous sword.
His son we know, oft saw the youth.
Of manly growth and stalwart height;—
The image of his sire in truth
With all his manliness bedight.
He greetings sends to you and me,
To Schinznach and to all the land,
That peace may reign in Argovy
With Hapsburg castle by his hand.
Next Sunday come and Vespers sung,
Knight Erwin's feast awaits you here;
Both man and child, the old and young,
Partake of meal and wine and cheer.

Foot-race and quoit, wrestling and fight
In helm and mail, with lance or sword,
Aye, minstrel's song and glee delight
The sharers of Sir Erwin's board.
The castle's message now ye heard
Is worthy of his honored name;
To it I add no further word
To win approval and acclaim."
The elders thoughtful shook their head,
Their questioning glance looked to and fro;
A minute on the timepiece sped,
As they with impulse rose to go.

Like tempest that foreshadows harm
Rose bitter censures of that day,
All heard the message in alarm,
Spoke bitter thought in sneering way.
The elders gathered at the Guild,—
With them the choicest village men,
Who toiled and labored, tilled the field,
Thus foremost in their grace had been.
The sires about the tables ranged,—
The fathers of a mighty clan;

In secret they their thoughts exchanged
And spoke their mode, proposed their plan.
"Our fathers yonder sleeping lie,"
The teacher spoke; "their last embrace
Bequeathed their word: to fight and die:
Their motto to a hardy race.
Sweeter was death than life and health,
And sweet is death for love of home;
They spurned the palming bids of wealth
The Alps and valleys free to roam.
I shall not to the council hall,—
I scorn the message, hate the knight:
On me the giant mountains fall
If to the feast I hie that night."
By sound and sign, the elders spoke
Approval to the teacher's plan;
Along the boards of rough-hewn oak,
Distinctions of approval ran.

Without oft gruesome shoutings rose,
Like shoutings of pursuit or need;
Is Schinznach stricken by castle foes,
Does it resist a dastard deed?

Suspicious glance the speaker threw:
"To arms!" he cried, "the castle foe!"
The anlace quick his hearers drew,
Prepared each man to strike a blow.
Mid joyous shouts a giant rushed
Into the hall, by crowds oppressed;
Elate his eye, his temples flushed,
Firm set his lip, of heavy chest.
The elders placed the anlace by,—
They gazed the man, they gazed the crowd,
Scanning him with a searching eye
Whose upraised hand quelled shoutings loud.
Approaching he drew forth a scroll:
"I am the envoy of the clan;"
He gave it to the teacher whole
Who broke the seal the words to scan.
A smiling light lit up his face
As eager he the message read;
Anger, distrust left not a trace,
As on the board the scroll he laid.
Aloud he spoke: "Our hope is nigh;
Uri and Bern espouse the cause."
Sudden broke forth a clamorous cry,

The room did echo with applause.
"To Schinznach be it now proclaimed:
Who waits his coming in the hall,
A traitor to the Alps is named
Whom clans pursue till death befall."

Ere thrice the sun on Schinznach set,
Revolt had taken rapid course;
With violence liege subjects met,
Authorities with open force.
Good-will the mayor first would farm,
But on him curse of elders fell;
Would castle Hapsburg's mighty arm
All mutiny and riot quell?
One morn, "Come!" had Sir Erwin said,
"The sun shines bright, 'tis fair to ride;
The ways are strange to us," and led
His knights into the country wide.
Highways they coursed, bypaths they chose,
Rode o'er hill, through wild ravine,
Made halt where babbling brooklet flows,
Or lake throws off the noonday sheen.
To laborer or passerby

Made questionings of paths and ways;
Took roads that entered village nigh,
That villagers glanced in deep amaze.
Where roads long distance level lay,
Short races cheered both man and horse;
Choice tale enlivened drearier way,
Or ballad gay urged on their course.
On homeward way o'er hill and vale
They met with force and met in fight;
A burg that slumbered in the dale
They scourged for riotings at night.
In Schinznach with turmoil they met,
Larger the gatherings they saw;
Revolt and riot their heart had set
To foster tumult, scorn the law.
One who with rough affront abused
The mayor's daughter the knight chastised;
The crowd, with fury now infused,
In vengeance an assault devised.
Quick on his steed he raised the maid,
His band of knights did lead the way
Through their gruff midst; with brandished blade
They kept the multitude at bay.

Flora clung fast, as in embrace,
That she was rescued from the crowd,
His triumph and her timid grace
Won from them threat and menace loud.
"Well done, sir," sweetly spoke the maid,
"Now to the mansion turn thy steed;
Their curses fall on my sire's head;
Stand by him in this urgent need."
Than this ne'er was a sweeter quest
From days of man unto this hour:
The star of dusk flashed in the west,
Its golden rays tinged brook and bower.
Along the Aar they kept the road,
That friendlike winds the bank along;
To sight now hove the nigh abode,
Hiding the lofty pines among.
Before the gate the reins he drew,
And gently set the maiden down;
From in the mansion clamors grew,—
The heated altercation's sound.
The knight stept in the village hall:
The mayor gentle greetings bade,
As well he who stood, robust and tall,

In homespun hose and doublet clad.
Less than a trice, the cloth renewed
The scene of Alpine conflict late;
The envoy stark defying stood,—
His lip and eye breathed scorn and hate.
"Thou castle-keeper, fight or die,"—
Flourishing frenzied sabre drawn,—
"Have at me knight, an envoy's: Fie!
From farthest Alps to Hapsburg's lawn!"
Sir Erwin gruffly thus defied
Parried the flashing sabre-stroke;
Redoubled strength and stroke he plied
That at the hilt his rapier broke.
Ere in the sorry need and plight
The envoy deadly vantage drew,
The maiden leaped into the fight:
"Two equal points the bout renew!"
Lithe took the maid from antler's horn
Two blades of equal point and weight:
"Have at him, sir", the maid, "till worn
The envoy meet his death and fate."
Her heart grew strong in counsel rash
That urged them on to fight and die:

Dazzling the rapid rapier's flash
Blinded the maiden's judging eye.
O'ercome by soft regret, "Sir knight!"
Distressed she cried, "Disarm,"—
The words scarce said, the luckless wight
Of rapier and his strength stood bare.
As rapier fell, his eye and face
The words of fate besought her speak;
Her lip did breathe him words of grace:
"Begone! With vengeance never reek!"

The scuffle's echo died away
As Flora laid aside the blade;
The timepiece ticked as if at play,
Glad with the secret of the maid.
"Child, fetch the horns, and fill the bowl,"
The mayor spoke, "the merry hour
Banishes care, strengthens the soul
As bow relaxed gains former power."
The gilt horns from their place she drew.
Trophies of northern wars and cold;
Embossed with jewels, glances threw
The heavy wassail bowls of old.

She filled the horns with sparkling wine,
That years had proved, and set them by,
The mayor told his tale divine
In winter's blast 'neath stormy sky:
"We loved to hunt, still in our prime,
Thy father and I. Sir, oft we crossed
The seas of snow the crags to climb,—
From rugged cliff to cliff we tossed.
The sun shone bright; no cloud of snow
Nor tempest forecast gave that morn;
Elate we shouldered cheerful bow,
Slinging about us knife and horn.
Fresh in the snow we found a track,
The chancing wind against us blew;
To follow close we were not slack,—
Intense the hunt each minute grew.
I spied the chamois, firmly built,
And knelt to span the bow and aim
With steady hand. Mine was the guilt.
The arrow grazed the agile game.
Thy sire with hurried bound and pace
Dashed in pursuit and cried: "He bleeds!"
Glad to the pith, I helped the chase,—

I knew the outcome of my deed.
Soon in the chase I followed slow;
I sat me down in moody will;
A hunter's shame and gossip's woe
Effaced my wanton prided skill.
It was December wild and rough,
And thick and fast fell whirling snow;
The raging winds blew raw and gruff,
Burying ways with fleece-like flow.
Wrapt were the peaks with flooding mass
Of whirling white, descending fleet;
I was not firmer than a lass,
When raging waves do wet her feet.
The tempest to and fro me whipped,
My limbs benumbed with leaden frost;
My step at every turn me tripped,—
On Alpine heights, Sir, I was lost.
My step, I trow, a circle tramped,—
A child was I, lost in the dark;
With cold I shook, my muscles cramped,
My mind and wits were helpless stark.
A signal blast to blow I tried,
As deeper drifts about me formed:

Unto my blast no horn replied,
So blatant winds of tempest stormed.
I blew distress into the horn,
Then fell, benumbed with frost and cold;
In a warm cave I woke next morn;
Thy father of the rescue told.
He knew each nook and cavern by,
And steered the snow by cliff and tree;
He heard the echo faintly die,
And hastening, crossed the snowy sea.
"Art well? Hadst scant escape from death;
The carcass of the beast lies there;
When thou regainest strength and breath,
Homeward we turn to give thee care."

While father told the vivid tale,
His daughter deftly needled lace;
In midst thereof her hand did fail,
Her eyes did meet Sir Erwin's gaze.
Sweet love transfused her cheek and eye:
To thank him for his father's deed;
At heart she thanked the provident sky
That drew him to her father's need.

In gossip gay the evening sped
On battlefield, in fiery chase
While talk was merry, Flora said:
"Father, unlock the oaken case."
Now from the case the bolt he drew
To do the biddings of the maid;
She took the sabre,—each nick she knew,
To Erwin gave the damask blade.
"Thy father's sabre!" Her inward glee
More than the gift did joy the knight:
He swung the sabre merrily,
The room danced in its quivering light.
He praised its balance, edge and side,
Its din, the ring of damask steel:
"A boon to me in fortune's tide!"
No more the outburst did reveal.

Erwin and knights now took farewell,
Saying, "God keep ye hale and whole!
And keep all judgment foul and fell
Benign from body and from soul."
The band did climb the winding way,
That snakelike to the castle led;

The stars of rich and meagre ray
Did gleeful glimmer overhead.
From heights looked down the castle spire,
From pinnacle the banner flew,
Murmuring with sarcastic ire,
Chiding them as they homeward drew,
Scarce had they reined their horses grey
Before the moat and in the deep
The bugle's echo died away,
Wakening in its quiet sleep,—
"The courthouse yonder is afire!"
Sir Erwin cried; "knights, follow fast!"
Roweling their steeds with fierce desire,
They followed like an angry blast.
The flames as from a furnace broke;
Along the walls spread flames anew;
Scattering far mid scrolls of smoke
The glowing sparks and cinders flew.
The village woke to woe and wail,
Hastening through the narrow lanes;
From hand to hand sped dripping pail
To quench the flames that burst from panes.
The water hissed, the flames scarce slowed,

From beam to beam the fire had sped;
The courthall, a fiery column, glowed,
Tingeing the skies with ominous red.
The mayor, o'ercome with fear and dread,
Cried: "Yonder sleeps the helpless child."
He groaned and moaned and fell as dead,
As white as marble undefiled.
The knight leapt into smoke and flame
To save the maid from hurt and harm:
Out from the fiery glow he came,
Bearing the maiden in his arm.
His knights about him formed array,
With sabres backward drove the crowd;
Unto the mayor led the way
Mid angry shouts and clamors loud.
They bore him to a dwelling nigh,
Chafed back the life that in him fled;
Assisting, Flora now stood by,
Bathing his head with tears she shed.
The flames still rage their greed to sate;-
Black walls and ruins scarce remain;
That to the passerby relate
A noble past and glorious reign.

III.

To Hapsburg on the Wuelpel's height
Returned the warlike days of old
When Vindonissa mustered might
From all the clannish cantons bold,—
Embossing on its burnished shield
The emblem of its liberty,—
To meet the Romans in the field,
Nor longer bend a slavish knee.
Encamped at Schinznach on the Aar
The mustered troops of cantons lay;
Distress was in the wake of war,
That sent into the land dismay.
They came from cantons far and wide,
On foot or horse, with mace and bow;
The lack in arms their heart supplied
Against the long intruding foe.
Of halls and castles of the land
Of regal tenure or domain
That fell to plundering command
Lone walls and ruins now remain.
As on they marched, on triumph bent,
Their number grew as grows a stream

In its long course. They pitched their tent
On the swift Aar and just did deem
To raze the bulwark of the land
Where clannish prowess e'er did fail;
Its towers and parapet fully manned
Defying e'er looked in the vale.
Giant-like rose on cliffy height
Its massive walls, its donjon tower;
Scepter-like swayed its castled might
Over their dynasty of power.
In valleys low was sound of war:
A haze veiled all the quiet air.
The camp-fires lurid light the shore
Where flows the Aar midst ghastly glare.
From smithies rose the curling smoke
From whining forge's reddening glow;
On ringing anvil dextrous stroke
To quivering blades dealt forging blow.
The elders gathered at the Guild,
With them the chiefs of the campaign;
There drafted projects of the field
To raze the burg with might and main.
From board to board the envoy stept

And urged them on and cheer them spake;
"Adown the Aar the burg be swept,—
To us and Alps a waterbreak."
Close to the royal castle stood
The cottage where the mayor dwelt;
In bowery grove and silent wood
He shunned the war whose brunt he felt.
Oft from the grove's seclusion nigh
His step crossed to the burg,—but slow,
Less firm than when in days gone by
It crossed for village weal and woe.
He counseled Erwin with his lore
Of canton strength and clannish might;
In mode and manner of their war
His prudent counsel set him right.
Flora, who led the homeward way,
Resolved to speak her pent-up soul;
E'er and anon she bore delay,
Not confident of self-control.
At last to him, musing alone,
She stepped and kissed his careworn face,
Saying, "I'll tell thee tale unknown
Of maiden born to form and grace.

Would'st hear my tale—all wondrous fair?
The father said: "Aye, tell thy tale."
"In times forgotten lived an heir
To father's wealth of field and rail;
Her mother died and she was queen
Of castle and the forest wild.
At tournament on meadows green
Sweet love her maiden heart beguiled.
She was of years and loved a knight,
Who in return did love the maid.
Fear choked her heart to ask the plight,—
She died and in the ground was laid.
Wouldst have me sear at heart and blight,
And as the timid maiden die?
I love Sir Erwin who holds the height:
My sire, I cannot brook a lie."
Thereto the father: "Just thy plea!
Thy heart thee wholesome counsel gave!
Homeless the flames made thee and me
Who am a pilgrim to the grave.
He saved thy life; nor is to man
A selfish aim midst danger grim;
I know thy heart, if father can;

Child, on my soul, thou lovest him.
From thee the truth did I withhold
That Erwin asked thy hand erstwhile.
Aye, Flora, love the warrior bold,
In whom there dwells nor wile nor guile."
As gladsome strains dispel the grief
That heart and mind did most control,
Her father's words gave her relief,
Made joyance jocund in her soul.

The camps along the water's flow
Fluttered war standards in the gale;
From dream the valley rose to know
The din of clanking plate and mail.
Proud banners waved on Hapsburg's wall—
The stately castle on the Aar;—
Its banners, ensigns, standards all,
The trophies of its many wars.
Its garnished turrets looked adown
The tented plain of clannish might;
Sir Erwin from an arching crown
Rehearsed their ranks in mail bedight.
A fellow knight spoke to him: "Grief

Thy heart besets: or love or fame
Are barred or lost beyond reprief,
When lures the charming siren,—name."
"Nor love nor fame," the knight, "me press;
My tongue the lord of hosts besought
To help our troops, our sabre bless
To quell the clans with freedom fraught.
Not idle is my dream of love
Nor vain the yearnings of my heart:
This jeweled sabre and this glove
Are token of her love in part."
Leaving, they scale a jutting pier,
Saw the gruff ramparts fortified;
They saw their men and spoke them cheer
To strike the clans, their force allied.
Escort and guard he sent on way
To Heller and Flora word to bear
That they in haste, without delay,
To castles safety now repair.

On horse two legates of the clan
Thrice blew the horn; they bore
The seal and message of their ban

To bar the day of death and gore.
Sir Erwin thought it just to greet
Them in the hall, there read the scroll;
He broke the seal and read: "Retreat:
The battle rest upon thy soul."
"Not carpet knights!" he quoth all grim;
"I never shall retreat," he wrote
Becalmed the answer on its rim
And led the legates to the moat.
From parapet Sir Erwin threw
A flamming faggot down the height;
He scanned their ranks as nearer drew
The serried lines in marching might.
There played behind each grim redoubt
The cruel, active catapult;
Its gnarling crash replied to shout,
Checked their advance, drove from assault.
In front and rear, to right and left,
The clans the rugged walls assailed;
As by a bolt asunder reft,
Their ranks before stern bulwarks failed.
The troops essayed, to valor prone,
Through some rough breach the ram to thrust:

But lance or arrow or heap of stone
Laid many low, ground to the dust,
As mowers flee before a nest
Of trampled wasps, th' assailants fled;
The castle's strength did quell the zest
That all the forces erstwhile led.
"The castle storm!" their leader cried,
As wroth the brandished sword he swung;
Forced them into the battle-tide
That 'gainst the walls its masses flung.
Ere they a jot of vantage drew,
The gates poured forth across the moat
The band of knights as trumpets blew
And their far front with panic smote.
The knights on horse Sir Erwin led,
Meeting their ranks with deadly stroke:
"The grass to mow stands thick," he said,
As their front rank his onset broke.
Amid their scattering ranks they rode,
And disappeared, were lost to sight;
Through wrack and contest banners showed
The course of progress of the fight.
Onward they rode without dismay,

Destroying like a cyclone's storm,
That veils with heavy clouds the day,
The fields and nature's outward form.
Such seemed the charge: the snort of steeds,
The din of steel, the swish of swords,
The crash of mace, the breaking reeds,
Wild arrows from the twanging cords,
Shrill trumpet that did rouse from sloth,
Low groans of fall'n, the shouts of need:
Thick grows the fallen matted growth
On trodden earth in war's red deed.
Where raged the conflict in the field
More dense and grim, Sir Erwin fought;
Before the jeweled sabre reeled
The foe, before a scythe death-fraught.
To right and left his sabre smote
A rapid harvest for the grave;
His prowess like wind that tops the boat,
Burying the seamen in the wave.
The charger from rider passion caught:
His hoof-beats battled in the fray;
With chamfrain and poitrel mailed, distraught,
He scattered ranks in wild dismay.

The battle rages, the fight is on:
Thrice drove the knights back to the vale;
The clans that thrice, some vantage drawn,
Would shouting, doubtful victory hail.
The walls were stormed! From battered gate
The hordes descended to the plain;
Dauntless, now haughtily elate,
They wrenched from knighthood triumph's gain.
Grimmer now raged the deadly fight,
Thicker with dead the ground was sown:
Mid carnage dire Sir Erwin, knight,
Held triumph in the field alone.
On hand and face he freely bled,
Nor would he from the field retreat;
His knights and he with death would wed
Than fall to capture or defeat.
The banner fell; one seized the rod;
But ere he raised it, he fell dead;
Sir Erwin took it, cried: "For God—'
And in its folds he fell and bled.

Lost is the field, lost is the day.
The cliff-built walls are doomed to shame;

Wild triumph tells the victor's sway,
As Hapsburg sinks in smoke and flame.
Scathed ruins—pillars and walls—remain,
That moulder on the Wuelpel height;
They tell of royal Hapsburg's reign,
Its one-time glory, vanished might.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

GEORGE WASHINGTON

To camp as Washington rode heavy way
With Lee and Schuyler from his Vernon Home,
A courier brought the tidings of the day,
Urging his foaming steed, from Boston come.
"How stood the men" asked Washington "their ground?"
"Aye, manly, sir, they fought," was the reply;
"There was more foe than bullets, thrice gone round,
Delivered when we saw the enemy's eye.
Sir, inch by inch, across Breed's and Bunker Hills
Fell back our troops in orderly retreat."
"'Tis well", said he, "this battle faith instills;
The humble victory be for them defeat".

'Twas thus. The stars, the planets, every sign
Of zodiac was mirrored in the sea;
A midnight calmness held the earth supine,
Held heaven's inwrought blue of twinkling glee.
'Twas warm and still, a summer night; to shore
Swept no refreshing breeze to bathe the brow
Of yeomen, toiling at the enemy's door,
Whose strength defied the men of the spade and plough.
In the calm summer night, the sentry's call
In hostile camp resounded from the shore;
Softly it blended with the sonorous drawl

Of wakeful watch on board the ships of war.
Spirited the spade and mattock labored on
In hearing of the sentry's timely shout;
On heights of Breed's Hill flushed the break of dawn,
Saw rugged breastwork flank on gruff redoubt.
All gladdened, Prescott spoke his soldiers cheer,
They had outwitted cautious enemy;
Touched to the quick, Putnam shed joyful tear,
His stout heart was o'ercome with soldier's glee.
The valorous Putnam! His age the sound of drum
Rejuvenated the toils of war to bear;
His fields,—by ties of kin not overcome,—
To till and reap he left to children's care.
The scars of war and torture decked his face,
Soft, mellow wrinkles grooved his open fore,
The merry eye told kindness of good grace,
The firm-set chin revealed the inmost core.
To camp the fame of deeds outran his age,
His presence gave a charm to soldier life;
When campfires burnt, his tales of Indian rage
Made merry hour, with bold adventure rife.
'Twas he that counseled to attack the foe;
"Aggression wins; we suffer from delay;
Entrench the heights," he said,—his eyes aglow—
"The men stood ground ere this in rougher fray."
When he had gained the campground, faithful eyes
Read joy in each his glance and quickened pace.

"Lads, oft ye queried how a soldier dies;
Come, hear my words, death stared me in the face.
This shriveled skin, these many knitted scars
Are cherished relics of a warlike past;
The thought, to cool your ardent youth, me bars
To tell the lot an honest soldier cast.
In the late war the Indians captured me:
We were a scouting party in the wood;
I strayed and loitered, slept beneath a tree,
When I was waked by shouts and buffets rude.
The savage foe my hands with willows bound,
Guided me to their sachem, fierce and fell;
In God, my trust, the peace of heart I found,
I braved my strength to bear all manly well.
They led me forth to die in savage wise;—
Lads, to be burnt alive, bound to a tree:
Stript of my clothes,—blindfolded were my eyes.
Commenced they had their shouts of ghoulish glee,—
The death by bullet Putnam never feared:
Wroth was I not to see the mode of death.
An arrow grazed my arm, the Indians cheered—
One fleshed my cheek, and smoke did choke my breath.
The mode of death I knew, I died content;
My thoughts were God's! I heard in this sad plight
The rifle's smart report the calm air rent:
My party missed me, trailed this sorry site.
The rescue came in time: I bore the pain,

As freely bled my wounds, by arrows made.
I live to fight this foe with might and main.
To work, my lads, to work, with pick and spade."

Confident Prescott walked the parapet,
Walked heedless to and fro, giving command;
He hailed in mirthful jest the foe, well met,
That strewed with strength of shot and ball the sand.
A veteran was he, he knew no fear—
Inured by hazard in the border war;
The death on the battlefield, that ample bier,
Taught him to spurn the dread of death or gore.
A radiant joy beamed from his mellow eye,
His swarthy cheek had touched the morning ray;
His sword of battles swung loose at his thigh,
There on the sand his deadly musket lay.
From yonder shore the hostile Gage espied
Him walk the parapet, saying, "Will he fight?"
"'Tis Prescott, sir," the counselor replied,
"To the last drop of blood he holds the height".
The sound of drum, the trumpet's clarion note,
The step of thousands, shouts of haughty scorn,
Clatter and rattling, clangor and din did float
To Breed's Hill where zealous toiled the yeomen worn.
Transports of grenadier and infantry,
A uniformed militia, crossed the bay;
From polished cannon, gun and musketry

Flashed to the height the splendor of array.
The boom of ball from ship and batteries,
Like ceaseless drone of summer thunderstorm;
The bursting of the shells, like waves on seas
That break on deck, would wreck the ship's fair form.
"Fear not, my lads, displays of ball and shell;
They are illspent," said Putnam, " by the foe;
When they advance for the attack, aim well
Nor flinch dismayed when death distributes woe."
In front and rear the ranks made quick ascent,
Emitting shouts, elate with triumph's hope;
The yeomen mowed their front and panic sent
Into the lines that shamed descend the slope.
The smoke of Charlestown burnt, of shot and ball,
Like heavy clouds of rain, the sun obscured;
From morn to noon, from noon to evening's fall
The thundering roll and drone of ball perdured.
The fight? We know the progress of the fight:
Twice stormed the foe the flank and the redoubt,
Twice sped they down the hill, dismayed, in flight;
We know the valorous deeds of patriots stout.
We know the battle was for us defeat,
'Twas nobly lost, disastrously 'twas won;
We know that Warren fell in the retreat,
With him was laid the nation's cornerstone.

Washington spurred his roan to join the troops,

Onward he rode o'er hill and bowered vale;
He halted where the burghers met in groups
To greet and speak the general fondest hail.
Aye, Washington the burghers knew by name,
Had heard his deeds in time of Braddock's war;
Their love welcomed the man of lustrous fame,
It bade him God's speed from the cottage door.
Born was he where in the broad expanse
Of the Potomac planets, stars and moon
With woodland fairies in nocturnal dance
Rehearse the measure to a mystic rune.
Its merry neighbor, sunny Maryland,
Sends winsome glances yonder from the shore;
The inland breeze, that kissed the ocean strand,
Wafts mellow sweetness to his mansion door.
Elders and maple shade the fatherly roof,
Dense robing ivy flutters to the eaves;
The grape, in likeness to good web and woof,
A sheltering alcove in the garden weaves.
Sweet pear and apple in the orchard grow,
Broad acres under culture is his realm;
Chestnut and berry bask autumnal glow,
Crisp runnels water dells of bass and elm.
He grew as grows a scion to the care
Of tender gardener that hundredfold,
When grown the tree, savory fruit it bear;
His son's integrity the sire did mould:

"Dust is the body, immortal is the soul;
Free is his choice, man chooses means and way;
The merit of the deeds of his control
Awards him life or death on Judgment Day.
The lives of men with us in deeds remain;
Like guiding stars their actions nobly done;
Their sterling postern ages well retain,
Be it of peace, of art, of battle won.
Enduring be in luck, distress or loss,
Distemper crushes peace of heart and mind;
In great or trivial trials of the cross
Impatience is a passion most unkind.
Son, speak the truth, be truthful to the grave,
Truth is a bulwark, fears nor rod nor grief;
Speak with conviction what reflection gave,
Of judgment oft occasion is the thief.
Serve God and country with a fervent zeal;
Belief in God is more than strength and health;
Your love in country's stringent woe or weal,
Be mightier than men's, possessed of wealth.
Hearken, though England would me traitor call;
The prestige of her daughter colony
Of Parliament's chamber rule will cause the fall;
Then in her cause, my son, unselfish be."
This integral manhood clothes him like a cloak,
This manhood warms the pulse that moves the strife;—
The manhood proven in the battle's smoke

Against defeat, with ignominy rife.
When in the Council wordy contest rose
Who should lead on the forces of the land,
Him of the choice Adams unflinching chose;
"Aye, none", said Henry, "fitter for command."
Thus every ballot made him chief of all;
He rose and modest spoke: "Planter am I;
The plough for war is preparation small;
But, sirs, my country bids me fight and die."
The morrow's sun, that broke from underground
Saw him to horse, with Schuyler and with Lee
On road to Boston, then a city, bound,
Whence came the news of doubtful victory.
Schuyler to north he sent to guard the foe
From Canada descending by the lakes:
"Be vigilant and timely strike the blow."
He said, "a battle this aggression breaks."
With Lee he rode to Boston on the sea,
Whose freeing was at issue in the campaign,
Where fast at bay was kept the enemy,
Scoffing at yeomens might, camped on the plain.
A sailboat, anchored, riding calm the bay,
Rescued from the storm, thus seemed to Washington
Boston, as quiet on the sea it lay
Beneath the glories of the evening sun.
At Cambridge met the troops after the fight
On Breed's Hill: there the quota of each state,

Like men in drawing rooms, scarce known by sight,
Camped distant in divisions separate.
With musket or sword, drest in their daily wear.
They came from Massachusetts, Georgia,
New Hampshire, the Carolinas, Delaware,
New York, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania,
Connecticut, Virginia, Maryland,
And the New Jersey, the thirteen of our States,
Of whom at Cambridge Washington took command,
All grown in rivalry and petty hates,
Dividing them in troops, ignoring state
Or family, awarding rule and skill,
He set aright their rivalry and hate,
Inspired anew the cause, won their good will.

Now Greene of those about him he loved best;
His camp, his troops were model to them all;—
Obeying in detail his willed behest,
Was like the servant who went and came at call.
Like gentle music in the house of eve
When dark with tempest is the sky that peers
Through halfdrawn curtains of an Eastern weave,
Was Greene to Washington in all the years.
With him and Reed and Lee oft Washington
Reviewed the camp; he spoke the soldiers praise
For practice of the laws, or duty done,
Upbraided this one, approved another's ways.

Where Knox and Putnam worked, 'twas like a nest
Of emmets, where those that come and those that go
Do not each other in their work molest,
Each knows his duty, running to and fro.
"Soldiers," said Washington, "not with the blade
Or cannon we fight the foe,"—which angered Lee —
"We fight them with the mattock and the spade;"
Turning he said: "Be ours the victory".

In autumn when the mellow moon hangs low,
When maple richness studs the forest wide,
When bush and thorn, weighed down with ripened glow,
Bask in the warmth that floods the mountain side
Came Lady Washington. In all the war
Than her arrival, there was no happier day;
The camp, where reigned despondency before,
To joyance and rejoicings then gave way;
Her presence were as sunshine after rain
In the wet season, when in joyful mood
The pentup, anxious populace amain
Seeks pleasure by the lake, or stream, or wood.
At banquet when the merriment was spent,
Questionings of the field and siege she made,
Asking the mode on which the campaign was bent,
Mifflin replied; "The mattock and the spade."
She said: "The linens for the men that fall
Wounded in battle, cloths for winter's brunt.

Are brought with me. No fight? The general
Ne'er once the hounds in leash withheld in hunt."
"Aye, Lady, thus in foxhunt on the plain,"
The general spoke; "but now we are the fox,
The foe the hounds in leash; the fight they gain,
So great our dearth of powder and firelocks.
Our trenches, fleches circle round the foe,
Redoubts and parapets drive them to sea;
The siege advances. When we give the blow,
We turn the tables, choosing victory."

When nature donned its verdant garb, the enemy,
Evacuating in precipitate flight
The pregnant stronghold, Boston, put to sea,
Oppressed by yeomen's slow advancing might.
Boston rejoiced and with it all the land,
Though gory war was fairly just begun.
Lady Adams him, who gave command,
His suite and friends to joyful banquet won.
At desert, "Tell me, madame," asked Elaine
"Who is this Washington, the Southerner?
Your words to me, to all the north be gain.
On him the ignorant North would cast a slur."
The hostess, Lady Adams replied: "Not true,
The ignorant cast no slur. His kith and kin,
His gentle wife from maiden days I knew,
With her, a widow, intimate had been.

From her, his wife, the history I lured forth
Of his ancestral coat-of-arms and shield."
Here Mifflin announced: "Expresses from the north;
From Schuyler: 'tis the progress of the field."
Washington rose, and going, bade adieu:
"Madame, farewell! 'tis duty first". He went.
Thus Lady Adams their attention drew,
On all her guests her words were not illspent:
"For William, who invaded English shore,
At Hastings dealt his father's deadly blow;
The King awarded lands, the spoils of war,
The county Durham, key of northern foe.
A castle on the Tees the warrior built,
There held the burg and tenure with his ring;
The county palatine to field or tilt
Responded to the mandate of its King.
The mitred Pudsay set wide forest marks,
Wealthier than the king, no equal found;
This prelate's hunt was pageant in the parks
In which his kin excelled in steed and hound.
When Mountfort basely shook the sovereign's throne,
In England far and wide was Baron's war;
The banner of St. Cuthbert Washington
To gory field at Lewes loyal bore.
Prince Beak ruled Durham with the rood and book;
Baron and Knight obeyed his restless will;
Ne'er twice sweet slumber from their lids they shook

When hunting or on the march the foe to kill.
The scots invaded England; in her need
Old Durham buckled burnished mail and shield
Its banner led the knights to fight and bleed,
Their charge lured forth the triumph of the field.
Crushed Scottish valor bowed before the rood,
There humbled knelt its knighthood at his throne;
No glance of ruth or pity Beak them shewed,
Who bore away to London the Chair of Shone.
How England merry with the triumph grew
In joyance of the victors of the field;
The thronged lists good tilt and tourney drew
That saw his fathers' brightly blazoned shield.
King David to reprieve his nation's loss
Came down with war when England sieged Calais;
Hatfield his army struck at Nevil's Cross;
A Washington led him to the Tower away.
King Edward by his patience won the siege,
Humbled was France, in prestige England grew;
In jousts did meet the knights, his warriors liege,
Their zeal and lust for battle to renew.
From Scotch invasion England was not free:
To forage Douglas led his mettled train;
His father quick pursued the enemy,
As trophy bore the head of Douglas slain.
In divers branches spread the ancient stock,
Of noble services the annals tell;—

Inscribed in timeworn churches, hewn in rock,
The fame and glory that to kindred fell.
At Pontefrect Castle James did lose his life,
James was a colonel, serving liege the crown;
At Bristol Henry's charge did win the strife,
The charge for him and family won renown.
When Cromwell trampled English liberty,
His kith and kin deserted home and crown,
Hating despotism; in the colony
They sought a home, walked paths of calm renown.
Virginia's troops and those of Maryland
Against the Senecas his sire did lead;
The Colonies applauded his command,
They called him savior in their utmost need.
These are his annals; be to him a guide
The good examples of their loyal deeds;
Guests, by this precedent in him I confide,
My country's weal is safe when Washington leads."

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

The ocean lay as placid as a man
O'ercome by the fatigue of toil, asleep,
Where New York, the colonies metropolitan
Dreamlike was bedded in the focusing deep.
Hamilton walked the shore; great was his joy
When yesterday in contest at the Park
Of all the guests invited, who called him boy,
Thrice in succession he did hit the mark,
Winning the prize, the honors of the day:
To Schuyler, the judge, standing in the door
Giving the prize, he said: "your daughter, pray,
Confers the honor: Schuyler, said gruff: "No more."
She, feeling hurt at the refusal, spoke
In favor of the giving: "He did win."
"Girl, cease," the father answered; his stern glance broke
Her courage and the joy that would have been.

Now a gull hovered, coasting in the sun,
Not knowing whether in the sea to dip,
Or in the morning's freshness to sail on,
Find and accompany home a sailing ship.
The youth, moved by this novelty, quickly threw
A shell, found on the shore, at the doubting bird,
As briskly inward with outspread wing it flew,

'Twas short its mark and so a second. The third,
A heavy, egglike flint, in anger thrown,
That twice he missed it, struck it heavily
That instantly it fell, more with a groan
Than with a living scream into the sea.
The ocean's placid surface was no more;
The falling objects broke it. The many rings,
Ever expanding, sped noiseless to the shore,
Forming bright halos, as when an urchin flings
A stone into a boudoir, breaking the glass
To myriad pieces,—for the merest fun
Of boyish mischief—the scattered ruined mass
Throws to the ceiling likenesses of the sun.
"How he went down," he said, "into the sea,
Like a false king, oppressing man and child
By the abuse of power and dignity
In sustenance of a rule, illspent, defiled.
The senseless stone and rings obey some laws,
I who have wit, and am of flesh and blood,
Have strength of intellect to know the cause,
Do loiter in the path of duty. Would
That heaven yield me life to bide the day
When like a gull up to the sun I soar—
The sun of glory,—and like the rings that play
Far—spreading is my fame! Would there were war!"

Not distant was the day when war was on,

Involving all the colonies, that, like a colt,
Ta'en from the field, full-fed and grown,
Threw off the yoke, not in the spirit of revolt
But unaccustomed. Shall England rule or they?
Revolt or war was farther from their mind
Than from a daughter's on the wedding day
Is disrespect towards her mother kind.
The fight at Breeds Hill, like a lightning stroke
That strikes before the rain, shaking the skies,
Foretelling the fierceness of the tempest, broke
The news of war throughout the colonies.
Than Hamilton who looked forth to the day
When there be war, there was none gladder of heart,
Whose joy was as intense as on a bay
The sheen, when from a cloud the sun breaks in part.

At Schuyler's there was grief. The daughter,—she
Who did the honors at the Park,—was ill,
Partaking of no food, nor broth, nor tea,
That her good mother made against her will.
Her father was not home, for he had gone
With Washington and Lee, the third in rank
Of Generals to where the war was on.
Her mother knew her every childish prank,
Her sorrow if she did thereby offend,
Her stubbornness, her pretense of some ache
If she would not, that oft she made complaint:

"A mother's heart the petted children break."
Now after Sunday's services she met
With seeming negligence from Hamilton,
Bringing her down nervously ill to bed.
She heard him say he would join Washington,
Coming from Boston to defend the coast.
Wishing to aid his service in the war,
She told him that her father could help him most,—
Knowing the general,—by a letter, or
By word of commendation, if he chose;
Whereto he answered not, going his way
This and her mother's threat: "If your father knows
Of your keeping the prize, child, to obey
Had been far better,"—now come to mind—a sword
Of grief plunged in her heart that overcome
By pain of his rude slight and of her word
She sank, her mother not knowing, in swoon at home.
The mother conjecture made what could have been
The cause of this her newest will and way,
Thinking: "When Hamilton the prize did win,
She acted surly for a week and a day,—
Her father brought her to, ignoring her whim.
When 'twas so cold, this New Year come two years,
How she did pout when Schuyler took with him
Her sister to the ball at Trumbull's. Tears
Won back foregiveness and a father's love.
Good Betty is bad Betty in her mood.

"Betty", she said aloud, and motherlike strove
To coax the truth if love and kindness could.
"Come, tell me, child," she ceased, thinking she slept,
Seeing her eyelids closed as dew-bathed leaves
Of violets. "No mother, long I kept
The secret," she replied, "to tell it grieves
Me more than to have lived and felt the pain.
It is no pretense: I am ill of soul,
It is the truth, this sickness I do not feign,
I fear I said much not to tell it all."
In her resolve to win the truth from her
The mother, like a swimmer in a lake
Whom wave and wind cannot the least deter
Nor timely warning lest the cramp he take,—
The mother wishing more than e'er to console
Her child, grew bolder: "Tis since yesterday
After the services this grief your soul
Befell; methinks 'twas on the homeward way."
Whereto no answer made the child uncouth,
Who willingly bore alone the brunt of woe,
Inflicting on her mother begging the truth,
As with a hammerstroke, a crushing blow.
When Lady Schuyler left the room she rose
From bed, wroth with herself that in her mood
Her silent stubbornness offended thus
Her mother, saying: "Of me 'twas doubly rude,
In her 'twas kindness. Would that I told all."

Stept to the mantlepiece and took the prize,—
An acorn bronzed on ribbon, which that fall
Hamilton won,—the tears streamed from her eyes.

Washington after the victorious siege
Came down from Boston with all his troops,
Garrisoning Long Island and the ridge
Of hills that rise and fall in guarding groups.
Greene was with Washington, consulting, when
The writ was brought him that the colonies
Are free and independent, which since men
Make laws, the greatest men build monarchies,
Ne'er found its like nor braver parallel.
The writ begot more joy than the defeat,
Or the surrender of the English. The bell,
Bearing the scriptural motto, timely, meet,
"Proclaim thou liberty throughout the land,
To all inhabitants thereof," did burst
In ringing; so joyfully to all the grants
Its sacred trust inscribed the bell dispersed.
To Washington 'twas like a friend delayed
In coming, by happenings unforeseen—
Though anxiously expected—to a fete,
Without whose presence it much ado had been;
But being present, now the cloth is spread,
In readiness the music, to whose sound,
Soft flowing and inviting, the dance is led,

The wine flows free, and merriment goes round.
Greene spoke, departing: "Hamilton is a youth
In years, a man at heart in strength of mind.
His camp, his men, his discipline, in truth,
Are pattern. Sir, to prove its lustrous kind
The stone needs setting." Washington replied:
"The stone needs polishing as well; not less
A jewel without it, but the more so, tried,
Cut and polished, devoid its grosser dress."
Hamilton joined the troops, by his governor
Commissioned captain of artillery.
Of brawny youths was formed his little corps
He led, inuring them unremittingly
To rule and drill with equitable hand
That none,—so willing, cheerful they obeyed,—
Felt cause to grieve when he did reprimand
Transgression, or their work in sloth delayed.
He sent Elizabeth a missive brief,
Explaining his apparently so rude
A conduct towards her: "Reflection prompted grief
For his too censurably ugly mood.
'Twas pardonable only for the sense
He had of honor; he would rather die
Than sully by whatever slight offense
Its so far kept immaculate purity."
But Lady Schuyler answered: "her child was ill
Because of his rude conduct; she forebade

Attention be paid her, e'en beyond until
Her years of womanly discretion had
Outlawed authority," Hamilton thought
Less of the prohibition than the offense,
Implying that clandestinely he sought
The daughter's company against her sense.
He answered: "Could he hope,—it is her fears—
No man could be more happy; if he strive
To be deserving of her, God grant her years,
His age this ultimate happiness of life."

The eve of battle was a sunset red,
Peering through cumbrous clouds; the ocean swept
Angry waves to the shore. The sentry's tread
Gnarled on the sand; the armies calmly slept.
A star here and there between the clouds, looked down
Upon the sombre tents. The moon, of the haze
Of rising fog forming an ominous crown,
Shed o'er the sea and island sallow rays.
The cheeks when coming in from the crisp air
Do tingle most when in the heated house:
Thus Hamilton's mind. The thought the brunt to bear
Of his career, his first of fields, did rouse
Indifference of death to love of life.
He met with Reed, reviewing camp and grounds;
"What are their numbers, sir? rumors are rife
With their attacking strength." "True the accounts

Of number of men and ships to give attack
By land and sea." "Who has tomorrow's day?"
"Putnam in whom no soldier finds the lack
Of dare and prudence though oft odd his way."
"The roads to camp, are they well fortified?
The Bedford Pass?" "The pass is roundabout,
Aye, guarded. If no greater woe betide
Us than this, won's the day beyond a doubt."
The slightest flaw e'en in the simplest machine,
Be it in setting up, or in the make,
Does throw it out of gear; were it foreseen,
Prevented were the jar, the fatal break.
By a circuitous march o'er a morass
At night without beat of drum and sound
Of trumpet, Clinton took the Bedford Pass [wound.]
That crossing the heights, through the forest snakelike
The booming of cannon at the earliest dawn
Awaked New York. Washington hastened o'er;
Galoping up to where the battle was on,
He saw as one sees from the foamy shore
A ship, laden with cloths, in sight of land,
Go under,—making the rich merchant poor,—
Saw from the works the troops of his command
Face Hessian slaughter and defeat endure.
A fog denser in darkness than the night,
Fell on Long Island. As the cloud that stood
Between the fleeing and pursuing shed light

To those that fled, darkness to those that pursued,
The fog came down between the narrow sound
Of Brooklyn and New York, whose shore was free,—
Giving them chance t'escape the foe around.
Heard was the sentry's call, the stroke of spade,
Breaking the ground; intent the foe to take
The works by stern approaches, if God aid
Them not ere woodland song the Island wake.
In splendor broke from underground the dawn,
The fog had risen, the wind had died away,
The tide had turned, and, like a garden lawn,
Placid and sweet reposed the sea and bay.
The boats of the retreating army were
Across the river; in the rear boat stood
Washington, looking back to the island where
The foe the passage of escapement viewed.

Ere Lady Schuyler and family left New York
For Albany where on the Hudson lay
Their lands and stood their mansion in a park,—
Among ancestral trees, that darkened day,—
Washington whose headquarters were quite near
Asked them to dinner with his board of war,
Adding, "his urgent duties kept him here
From those he most esteems." A drag and four
Rolled to the camp, whose coming Greene and Reed
Bade welcome to with such ceremonious joy

That Lady Schuyler thought, "there is no need
Of so much honor that does but annoy
Their simple visit." Washington received
Them at the door and led them to the hall
Where most his military family lived,—
Kept trim and neat, though unadorned the wall,
The board heaped up with letters, maps and charts
Of highways, roads, paths and localities,
Which Washington named: "Our finest of fine arts;
To practice it no school gave us decrees."
Wine was poured out, the walnuts served, "The coast"
Washington said, "is their concerted aim;
They pick the meat, leaving the shell. At most,—
Being too few and worn,—we can but lame
Their speed on land. If Schuyler hold at bay
The north, it were to Howe severe a blow,—
Giving us better chance to reap the day
From a distracted, half-defeated foe.
Lee holds the Jersey"—but Elizabeth
Ill-mannered sputtered forth as awkwardly,
Abruptly as one breaks the news of death
Of a pet son to mother: "Braggart Lee!
The chatterbox fights better with his tongue—"
Ceasing abruptly in her pert tirade
As she began that none the board along
Of genial mirth at her outbreak secret made.
The sun fell to the West. The horses were

In readiness at the gate, pawing the ground.
While Lady Schuyler lingered, gladlier
Than the gay humming-bird when it has found
A lily, dips its bill to sip the sweets,
Elizabeth stealthily of the host
Asked in an undertone. "If oft he met
With Hamilton? His corps serves on the coast."
Washington answered: "I met him, crossing the bay
In the same boat when making the retreat
Before the pressing enemy,—the day
After the battle, fought in our defeat.
Now, your request!" "Tis nothing; none I know;
Sir, he is well, not scathed by ball or shell?"
"Aye, child; a gun and baggage lost,—this woe,
This worst of woes in battle him befell."
Hamilton entered bearing the report
Whose working Greene had given him that day,
Bidding him bring it to the general's court
Ere in the west the twilight fade away.
Washington like a sire, the bride who gives
Away in marriage, joys as face to face
They stood and glanced the secret of their lives,—
Of woe or languished hope there was no trace.

Spread out before Washington, Reed and Greene
Lay Hamilton's document,—whose spirit like
A swan which calmly early morns is seen

Riding the tranquil waters of a dike,
Hovered over its contents, of which thought
The general that the paper gave affairs
The name of the disease; in that it wrought
No cure, nor gave prevention, the paper bears
The imprint of rejection; a farmer knows
A thousand vermin small his produce gnaw;
He knows no cure, he reaps not what he sows,
His fields lie sear and waste; thus is its flaw.
Hamilton answered: "Knowledge oft prevents
A fault unwittingly done. The writ reveals
Existing modes to failure and intends
That it all failure forthwith quicker heals.
Atlanta fair, wooed oft, agreed to wed
The suitor who surpassed her in a race;
Though if she win, that he to death be led.
Melanion saw herfair of form and grace—
To wed her was intent. He asked a day
Be set apart for the foot-race; then stept
Into the Venus temple by to pray:
His courage utter failed him and he wept.
She gave him golden apples three that grew
In the Hesperides and cheered his life.
Before Atlanta these Melanian threw,
Winning the race and her as his sweet wife.
In war, sir, as in love; he wins who knows
The manner of it. In war these apples three:

Retreat, craft and attack; these conquer foes,
Bearing away the wreath in battle-glee."

With Washington Greene remained, saying, "I'll hold
The fort, if so you will, against the foes."
Whereto Washington: "Be not wrecklessly bold,
Adding discomfit to our many woes.
Were Lee with us, whose victories give proof
Of quality, 'twould help us to decide
That from whose failure I would stand aloof.
Go, hold the fort and prudence be your guide.
Sir, on the morrow send me Hamilton."
To whom when he had come, he fatherly said:
"To me the Schuyler family is known
Beyond the half my years,—ere I did wed.
I wrote the general a letter today,
Wishing his daughter well." Hamilton made
Reply thereto: "Better had been delay
In this than haste; it evidences aid
I sought in you against her father's will
Whose kind consent be blessing, not a theft."
"Fear not," thus Washington, "the event fulfill
My wishing well, though awkward, proven deft."

It was more headlong flight than safe retreat
Before the enemy, following up the blow
With might and haste since the entire defeat

On Long Island: much as a bleeding doe
Flees swiftly from the fast pursuing hound
The blatant bugle urges on in chase
O'er hill, through stream and forest, but whose sound
Urges her on as well to flee from disgrace.
Washington crossed o'er to New Jersey. Fall
Had set in with its melancholy look;
Leafless the forest, sad the fields, a drawl
The once so pleasing murmur of the brook
When in its cooling stream the cattle lay,
Driven to pasture, or driven home at eve
Until aroused by faithful watchdog's bay,
Who. when his master calls him. himself does grieve.
The tidings of Lee's capture send anew
Despondency to the remotest grants,
As walls of an ancient city broken through
By a stern foe to its inhabitants.
As one defenceless, by a beast pursued,
Leaps o'er a crevice,—which he would not try
Without reflection in a calmer mood,—
Thinking that instant: if 'tis not noticed by
The beas t, it headlong falls down the abyss;
If seen, the crevice will the beast delay
In leaping, staggered by the distance, and this
Gives him the lead and time to flee away:
Thus Washington in the darkness of despair,
Through which there gleamed no vista of egress,

Forlorn did cross the icy Delaware,
"Be with me, sirs," he said in council, "God bless
The enterprise." As Geodeon fell upon
The Medianites unawares, driving the foe
Like chaff before the wind, thus Washington
At Trenton and Princeton laid the enemy low.

During the months inclement, the winter camp
At Morristown was like a sitting room
Where friends, when half extinguished is the lamp,
Sit around the hearth and drive away the gloom
By telling phases of the well-spent years,
Recalling the names of those that are no more,
Paying their memory tribute with their fears,
Knowing they must embark for yonder shore.

"Be with me, sir, tonight," Washington spoke
To Hamilton, "a log burns on my hearth
To cheer the hour." He came as Washington broke
The seal of letters, expresses from the north.
" 'Tis yours!" Mirth sparkled in his fatherly eyes
As Hamilton broke the seal and forth he drew
Elizabeth's missive which inclosed the prize
He won in contest, in a setting new.

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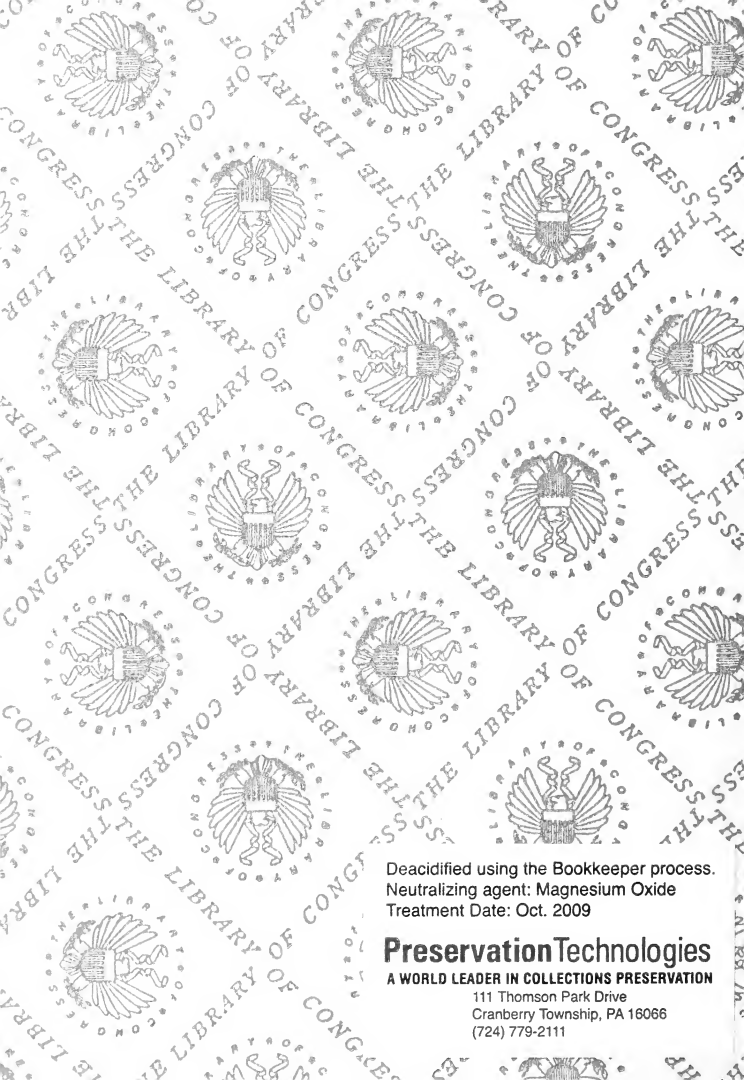

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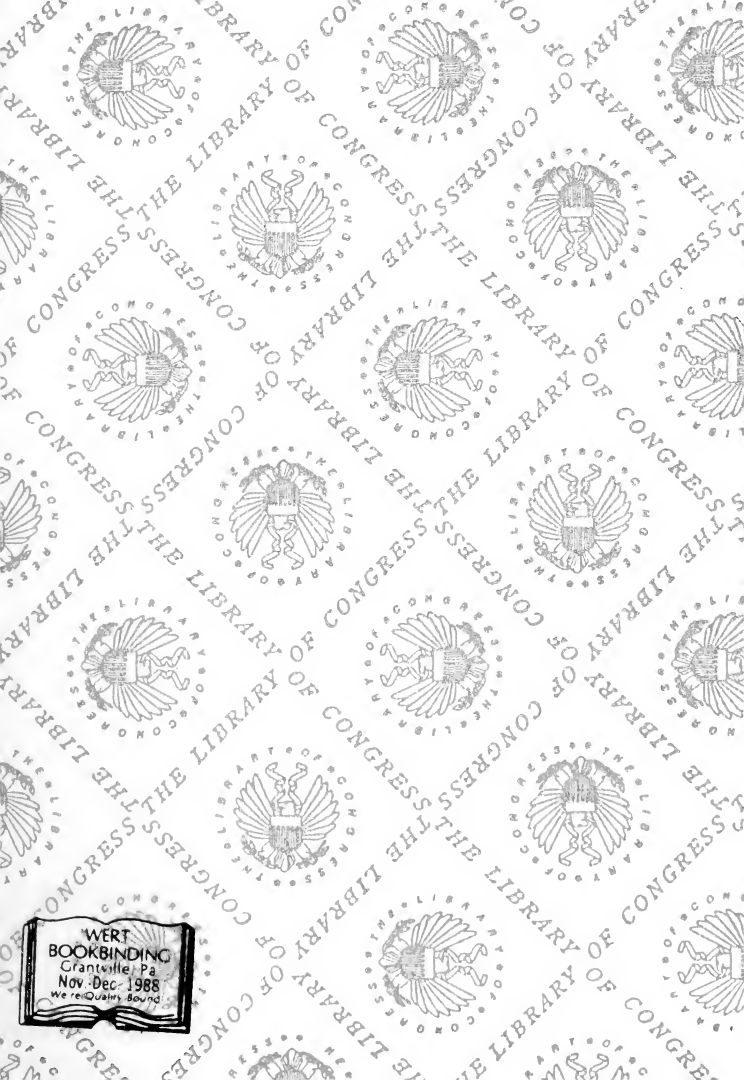
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